

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, AND THE HOME.

NEW ENGLAND

JOURNAL OF

AGRICULTURE

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PLOUGHMAN for use in its columns must sign
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as a guarantee of good faith, otherwise they will
be assigned to the waste-basket. All matter
intended for publication should be written on
one side of paper, with ink, and upon one side
only. Correspondence from particular farmers, giving
the results of their experience, is solicited.
Letters should be signed with the writer's real
name, in full, which will be printed or not, at
the writer's wish.

THE PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to ad-
vertisers. Its circulation is large and among the
most active and intelligent portion of the com-
munity.

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AGRICULTURAL.

A big cow that gives no more or no
better milk than a small one is likely to
be less profitable because it requires
more food to support her large frame.

Too many pastures are eaten down
so close that the grass has no chance.
Better divide the fields that one part
may have rest while the other is fed off.

The best cow is really not an Ayr-
shire, or Holstein, or Jersey, or Guernsey,
but the cow of any breed, or of no
particular breed, that will produce a
pound of good milk for the least money.

A cow that has newly calved should
be kept quiet if there is an indication of
milk fever; but her bag in water as
hot as the hand can be borne. Do not
feed much grain at first and milk the
bag clean each time.

FARMERS in the older sections are
awakening to the fact that something
must be done for the pastures as well as
for the mowing lands. Cutting the
bushes every year is good, but plough-
ing and crop growing for a few years
is ten times better.

PROF. ROBINSON of Ontario is re-
ported as saying that no cow should be
fed more than eight pounds of grain a
day. At any rate from eight to ten
pounds is the amount that average
dairymen find profitable. Heavy grain
rations should be made rather bulky
with bran and other light feeds.

EVEN in thrifty New England there
is evidence that a great deal of corn
stover is going to waste this season. A
good deal of it is left in the field just
as it grows after the ears are picked. If
its value is doubted, dry some carefully,
tops and all, and feed it a couple of
weeks to cows that have had good Eng-
lish hay, and note how the milk yield
keeps up.

RATIONS to be fed with salt hay or
any coarse fodder should be rich in pro-
tein. Here is Prof. Whitcher's formula:
Fifteen pounds salt hay, one and three-
fourths quarts cotton seed, two quarts
gluten, three quarts bran, one and one-
half quarts corn meal, the cost of which
ration he reckons at thirteen and one-
half cents per day besides the hay.
Linseed meal could be advantageously
used in place of the cotton seed.

ASSUMING that an acre of land
planted to corn will yield beside the
ears two tons of stover and that an
acre equally well cultivated will produce
two and one-half tons of timothy, the
nutritive value, as shown by analysis of
the stover, is nearly equal to that of hay.
To get this value, however, the stover
must be well cured with the tops and
leaves all saved. Only about one-half
the total coarse fodder of the ration
should consist of stover. Bran is a
good grain product to feed in this con-
nection, likewise linseed and gluten
meal.

AN experienced cider maker claims
that good cider vinegar is as difficult to
make as cheese.

THERE has been some complaint that
silage gives milk an unpleasant flavor;
the cause is over-sourness and decay.
If poor silage be fed just after milking
instead of before the unpleasant flavor
disappears.

VERY late fruit is obtained by mulch-
ing strawberries heavily in the winter
with straw manure and keeping it on
late in the spring. The mulch must not
be so thick as to rot the plants. Cover
the plant rows after the ground freezes,
not before.

QUITE a reaction seems to be taking
place among dairymen in regard to
raising young stock. More calves are
being raised from the best stock. The
home-raised cows are apt to be worth
two of such animals as are ordinarily
thrown on the market.

WHEN done using them for the sea-
son, ploughs, cultivators and all machin-
ery should be carefully cleaned and put
under cover. If wagons are left to
stand in the rain and dew, injury will
result. It pays to have plenty of shed
room for all these articles.

SOME of the stones from the choice
peaches free from yellows should be
saved for seed. Keep them until
spring and crack the shell, then plant.
The frost will split a good many of the
pits, but a hammer will split them all
and insure a good percent of young
trees.

If root grafts are to be made this
year from apples or pears take out the
roots before the ground freezes, store
them in the cellar and do the grafting
this winter. Root grafting is done
about the same as cleft or whip grafting
of branches except no ax is used and
the stalk is tied more tightly.

THERE is one important advantage
the butter producer has over the milk
farmer. A ton of butter removes only
fifty cents' worth of fertility, mostly ni-
trogen, easily replaced from the air by
means of the clover crop, but the milk
required to produce a ton of butter, if
sold, would remove about \$28 worth of
fertility.

MARSH hay, or anything that is free
of weed seeds can be used for mulching
the strawberry plants and fruit trees,
but if the mulch is left near a young
fruit tree all winter with no wire guard
around the trunk it is likely to be
troubled by mice. The mulch can be
raked away in fall and applied again in
spring.

FALL is a good time to set out aspara-
gus. There is usually plenty of time
and plenty of manure to make a good
bed. It is not necessary to make hard
work of it. Simply get the ground ex-
tremely rich and set the plant like any
others, with the crowns a few inches
below the surface. Wide rows are con-
venient for cultivation, and it is well to
give the plants plenty of room, say
three or four feet in the row in order to
have large stalks. Four rows twenty
feet long ought to give plenty for any
family. It is a very healthful vegetable
and should be eaten freely in its season.

Glucose and oleomargarine are both
perfectly wholesome. If going upon a
yacht or to the Klondike, I should take
oleomargarine rather than butter. But
when I go to my grocer for butter, I
don't want him to have the chance to
give me oleomargarine. The object of
a pure food law is to protect the poor.
It is in the poorer quarters where most
of the adulterated goods are sold, and
because they are cheapest. The rich
can buy what they please, but the poor
must take what they can get.

A pure food law must represent the
enlightened public sentiment, or it will
be a dead failure. The purpose must
be to regulate interests and commerce
that both consumer and producer will
be protected; the honest farmer can
have an honest buyer and the honest
consumer can have what he pays for.
Professor H. W. Wsley.

A Fruit Grower's Summary.

Here are seven points on fruit grow-
ing by Williams, the New Jersey fruit
grower:

Suitable soil for kinds grown.
A man adapted to the business.
Fertile soil and clean culture.
Productive and strong varieties.
Careful handling and homes' packing.
Novelties touched sparingly.
Feeding the crops carefully, yet liber-
ally, as a farmer feeds his animals.

Making Vinegar.

Good russet cider, first run is best.
Allow it to settle in the barrel in which
it is brought home, then draw off all
but the settlings into another barrel.
Store it in any place where severe
freezing will not occur. Better not to
put it in the cellar until freezing
weather occurs. Sometimes the set-
tlings from an old vinegar barrel, or
part of the vinegar is used to hasten
fermentation. The barrel should not be
filled quite full. Cover the bung-hole
with mosquito netting to keep out in-
sects, but do not replace the bungs.
The vinegar will steadily grow stronger
for two or three years. Drawing it off
from one barrel to another will hasten
fermentation. In changing from cider
to vinegar fully one-fourth of the bulk
is lost.

Odds and Ends.

Now is the season when there is no
big job driving but there are a plenty of
small ones to keep the farmer out of
mischievous until winter sets in. Most of
them will begin at the barn and more
likely than not never get to the house at
all, but we will begin with the house in
reminding them of the things which
they know very well ought to be done
but are very liable to overlook.

See that the house is well banked if it
needs it and that the cellar windows are
all right and fit snugly. See that some
of them are windows, not plank, so
that the women will not have to light a
lamp or grope around in the dark two
or three times a day. Have your cellar
well protected for you do not want to
wake up some zero morning and find
your 'garden sash' frozen. You will
miss your 'biled dish' when you cannot
have it. See that the house windows
are well puttied and broken places re-
placed with new glass, also that they
are snugly wedged up. It will save
fuel and it may save your getting a
'Scotch Blessing' if the house pants do
not freeze this winter. You will be
pretty sure to get one if they do.

Look to the stove pipe and chimneys.
They have an inconvenient way of doing
mischievous in the worst possible weather
if not kept safe and you do not want
your insurance money just yet. See to
the water pipes and tubs. You will
use bad language if your water freezes
up and you have to lug it from the
brook. See if the kitchen floor does
not need a coat of paint. If it does,
put it on. See that your shed is full of
dry wood and some light stuff for kind-
ling.

Now you may go to the barn and
tinker around there awhile. You will
find plenty of places where a board, or
some banking or a hinge or hasp will
make things more comfortable for your
cattle, and the more comfortable they
are, the greater will be your income
from them, also your pleasure in them.
Domestic animals have no life but at
our will and spend that life serving us
faithfully as they can. It is a sin not to
treat them kindly and make them com-
fortable and happy.

If you make everything snug and
shipshape about your premises before
cold weather comes on, you can then sit
down by your fire with a contented
mind, but if you neglect these things,
they will constantly remind you that
they should be done and prove a source
of annoyance to you all winter.

GREEN MOUNTAINEER.

ABOUT the best ancestry for the dairy
farmer's business cow is a grade mother
of first-class dairy record, bred to a
thoroughbred male, himself from a cow
giving the best characteristics of a par-
ticular breed.

Fattening Home Grown and Range Lambs.

This paper contains a summary of the
facts obtained from an experiment con-
ducted by the writer in the winter of
1897-8, at the Minnesota Experiment
Station. The experiment deals with the
fattening of lambs, and one of the
points emphasized in it should be of pecu-
liar interest to feeders. It shows how
easily possible it may be to secure a
greater ultimate profit from a lot of
lambs that have made less gains and at
greater cost than those obtained from
another lot, and for the sole reason that
the former had a greater average weight
when they entered the contest than the
latter. In the experiment two lots of
lambs were pitted against each other.
They were fed and cared for similarly.
The lambs in one lot fed more cheaply
and also made greater gains, and yet in
the final summing up the lot that made
the lesser gains and at a greater cost,
gave the greater profit and for the rea-
son only that they weighed considerably
more when the fattening period began.
That is really the point brought out in
the experiment, although it was not con-
sidered when the experiment was under-
taken.

The animals selected consisted of
home grown lambs in the one instance
and of Montana range lambs in the
other. The former were very ordinary
lambs, that is to say, they were the
remnant of the lambs grown on the
University Farm after the choice lambs
had either been disposed of early for
mutton or had been set aside for breed-
ing. They were from Dorset sires and
common grade dams, and were rangy,
rather high up from the ground, and
were also lacking in width. The range
lambs bought from Wm. B. Shaw of
Culbertson, Montana, were from Ox-
ford Down sires and were good speci-
mens of range lambs.

The two lots were under experiment
early in November, 1897, and were dis-
posed of in March. The experiment
proper lasted 112 days and both lots
were sold by Col. W. M. Liggitt, the
Director, to P. Van Hoven of Minneap-
olis. The lambs were valued at \$3.41
per 100 pounds at the beginning of the
experiment. This valuation was on the
basis of the actual cost of the range lambs
laid down at the station, and it was not
far different from the actual prices be-
ing paid at the time. They brought
\$5.50 per 100 pounds shrunk weight.

The food consisted of oil cake, bran,
barley and oats in the proportions of
one, two, three and four parts respect-
ively; clover and timothy hay, clover
predominating; and sorghum ensilage.
The food was fed in two feeds daily,
except the ensilage, which was fed in
the evening only. The lambs were
given all they would eat clean of the va-
rious foods fed. The hay was not cut
nor was the grain ground, and water
and salt were plentifully supplied. They
had the choice of a shed or of a yard ex-
cept in stormy weather.

The food fed was charged at the ordi-
nary market values of the same in
Minnesota. This made the oil cake
\$22 per ton; bran, 7.50; hay, \$4; en-
silage, \$1.20; barley, 20 cents per bush-
el and oats 17 cents. These prices are
more in some instances than was actu-
ally paid for the food in St. Paul and
Minneapolis markets, and in other in-
stances less. And they will make it
very apparent to the eastern feeder, that
he has no easy task to face with his
much higher priced foods, he under-
takes to feed against western competi-
tion.

The range lambs consumed per day of
grain 1.68 pounds, of hay .68 of a pound,
and of ensilage .31 of a pound, a total
of 2.65 pounds. The home grown lambs
consumed per day of grain 1.96 pounds,
of hay 1.09 pounds and of ensilage .60
of a pound, a total of 3.65 pounds. The
monthly gains made by the Mont-
ana lambs was 9.5 pounds against 9.3
pounds made by the home grown

The cost of feeding each range lamb
was \$1.30 against \$1.42 for each home
grown lamb. Of course the greater age
of the home grown lambs would call for
a greater consumption of food to make
a given gain. They were probably

six weeks older than the range lambs.
The latter averaged 60.2 pounds when
they entered the experiment and the
former 72.5 pounds.

The cost of making 100 pounds of in-
crease in weight by the range lambs
was \$3.67 as against \$4.07 per 100
pounds with the home grown lambs.
This feature of feeding is peculiar to the
West. Years ago it was a generally
accepted fact, that the actual increase in
weight obtained from fattening an ani-
mal cost more than could be obtained
for the same when sold. But so it does
not seem to be in the Mississippi Val-
ley. This of course is owing to the
bountyfulness with which land produces
there. Wherever such feeding can be
judiciously carried on there will always
be a substantial profit. In the present
instance the profit was \$1.83 on the
home grown lambs, as against \$1.71 on
the range lambs. The figures just
given are of course averages for each
lamb.

Since the question of greater profit
with the home grown lambs turned upon
their greater weight when the experi-
ment began, it may be asked, would it
not be better to secure animals as heavy
as possible for being fattened? No, is
the answer that should unhesitatingly
be given to this question. In the first
place, the demands of the market must
be studied. If animals over large are
chosen they will not bring the price
when finished. In the second place the
older they are the more food they will
require to make a given gain. And in
the third place, the gains are slower as
a rule as the birth period is receded
from. It is a fact that usually more
money can be made from feeding lambs
than wethers.

THOS. SHAW.

University of Minnesota.

Five Dairy Essentials

First, good cows. Any breed that
will produce good, rich milk at low
cost.

Second, have the cows come in at the
proper time, which for profit is Sep-
tember or October.

Third, plenty of good food, includ-
ing variety of grain and dry fodder,
and something juicy like roots or
silage.

Fourth, right manner of feeding, in-
cluding abundance, regularity and bal-
ance of food materials.

Fifth, comfort, which implies good
stable, warm, well ventilated and
lighted, plenty of warmed water, clean-
liness and kind treatment.

Agricultural Literature.

The winter time giving the farmer
such especial opportunities for reading
and study the Maine State Board pub-
lishes an interesting resume of the agri-
cultural literature of this country.

It used to be thought that the earli-
est American work on agriculture was
the little old volume entitled "Arator,"
published in 1818. However, such is
not the case. A much earlier, and
probably the first original treatise on
American farming, was the work of
Charles Varlo, Esq., of Philadelphia,
published in that city in 1785. This is
in two volumes and is entitled: "A
New System of Husbandry from Many
Years' Experience." It is true that this
work was founded upon an earlier Eng-
lish treatise with the same title, and it
contains many references to foreign
methods, but it is plainly an original
work and was throughout specially
written for that section of America
where it was printed, then the best
farmed part of the United States. At
the opening of the first volume fourteen
pages are taken up with a list of sub-
scribers to the work, included in which
is that of His Excellency, George
Washington, while in the list are the
following from Maine: "Gen. Knox,
Esq., James Noyes, Esq., Falmouth;
John Hill, Esq., Berwick, and Hon. N.
Wells, Esq., Wells." Ten years before
the publication of this work, viz. in
1775, a treatise had been published
in London entitled: "American Hus-
bandry—containing an account of the
Soil, Climate, Production and Agricul-
ture of the British Colonies in North

America." This was "By an Ameri-
can," was in two volumes, and is the
first original account in an elaborate
treatise of American agriculture. But,
being published abroad, it cannot be
called an American publication.

We do not know when the first edi-
tion of "The New England Farmer or
Geographical Dictionary," was published.
The date of the second was as early as
1797, and the third, which is the one
usually met with in the libraries, if
found at all, in 1822. The author of
this work was Samuel Deane, D. D.,
"vice president of Bowdoin College and
fellow of the American Academy of
Art and Sciences." The title-page of
this stout volume of 532 pages says it
"contains a compendious account of the
ways and methods in which the impor-
tant art of husbandry, in all its various
branches, is or may be practiced to the
greatest advantage in this country." This
book is one of the monumental
ones in the history of our agricultural
literature.

"Arator, Being a Series of Agricul-
tural Essays, Practical and Political," is
the work so often referred to as being
the first original American work on
agriculture. Its author, John Taylor,
was a celebrated farmer in his day and
"president of the agricultural society
of Virginia." It is a little 12 mo. vol-
ume of 240 pages, and was printed at
Petersburg, Va., in 1818. In his pre-
face the publisher says: "The pub-
lisher of the following essays is the first
who has offered to the public patronage
an experimental composition, adapted
to the soil, climate and agriculture of
the great portion of the United States;
and so far as his knowledge extends, it
is the first of the kind which this great
district of country has produced."

A curious and interesting volume
which comes in here in chronological
order is: "History of the Rise, Progress
and Existing State of the Berkshire Agri-
cultural Society, in Massachusetts, with
practical directions for societies farming
in North Carolina, on the Berkshire
Model." This was by the eminent agri-
culturist, Elkanah Watson, and was
printed at Albany in 1819. He was the
founder of the first agricultural fair or
"cattle show" in America and tells of
its origin this way:

"In the fall of 1807, I procured the
first pair of Merino sheep which had ap-
peared in Berkshire, if not in the state;
even the name was new to everybody.
They were the first I had ever seen; al-
though defective in grade, I was led to
expect, yet as all who examined their
wool, were delighted with its texture
and firmness, I was induced to notify
an exhibition under the great elm tree
in the public square, in Pittsfield, of
these two sheep on a certain day.
Many farmers, and even women were
excited by curiosity to attend this first
novel and humble exhibition. It was
by this lucky accident, I reasoned thus
—if two animals are capable of exciting
so much attention, what will be the effect
on a larger scale with larger animals?
The farmers present, responded to my
remarks with approbation. We be-
came acquainted, by this little incident;
and from that moment, to the present,
agricultural societies, cattle shows, and
all in connection therewith, have pre-
dominated in my mind, greatly to the
injury of my private affairs."

The next year, 1820, two important
books were published, viz.: "The Far-
mer's Assistant: Being a digest to all
that relates to Agriculture and the con-
ducting of Rural Affairs, alphabetically
arranged and adapted for the United
States;" and: "A Treatise on Agricul-
ture: comprising a concise history of
its origin and progress, the present con-
dition of the art abroad and at home,
and the theory and practice of Hus-
bandry, which have arisen out of the
present state of Philosophical attain-
ments in Europe. By a Practical Far-
mer." The first was by John Nicholson,
Esq., "of Herkimer county, state of
New York," and was printed at Lancas-
ter, Pa., in a volume of 468 pages. It
contained a recommendation by Gov.
De Witt Clinton. The second was by
Jesse Buel, an early promoter of im-
proved agriculture in New York, and
founder of the old "Cultivator," one of
the earliest agricultural journals in this
country. In 1839, Mr. Buel also pub-

lished, "The Farmer's Companion
Essays on the Principles and Practices
of American Husbandry," a volume of
300 pages of which at least two editions
were issued.

It is interesting to note that what may
be called the earliest special treatise on
any branch of agriculture published in
this country was: "Essay on Sheep."
Their varieties, a count of the Merino of
Spain, France, etc. Reflections on the
best method of treating them, and rais-
ing a flock in the United States." This
work was by Robert R. Livingston,
LL. D., who introduced Merino sheep
from France into New York, while our
minister to that country in 1801. It was
published by the state of New York in
1809, and a second edition issued in
1813—a little 12 mo. of 143 pages.

The first treatise on fruit growing
published in the United States, was:
"A View of the Cultivation of Fruit
Trees and the Management of Orchards
and Cider." The author was William
Cox, of Burlington, N. J., and the book,
an 8 vo. of 268 pages, was published at
Philadelphia in 1817. It contained very
good engravings of specimens of fruits,
and catalogued 113 varieties of apples
(with special lists of 26 varieties of
table apples and 14 of cider apples); 65
of pears; 38 of peaches; 18 of plums;
six of apricots; five of nectarines, and
15 of cherries. The second treatise on
fruits was: "The American Orchard-
ist," by James Thacher, M. D., Ply-
mouth, Mass., 1823; the third: "The
Pomological Manual," by William
Prince, Flushing, L. I., in two volumes,
1831; and the fourth: "The New Amer-
ican Orchardist," by William Kenrick,
1833. Following were the treatises of
Robert Manning, Salem, Mass.—founder
of the library of the Massachusetts Hor-
ticultural Society; "The American Fruit
Book," by S. W. Cole, (a Maine author),
1848; "Practical Treatise on the Man-
agement of Fruit Trees adapted to the
Interior of New England," by George
Jaques, 1849; "The American Fruit
Culturist," by John J. Thomas, 1850,
(twentieth edition in 1897); "Fruit and
Fruit Trees of America," by Andrew J.,
and Charles Downing, 1846 to 1881;
"The Apple Culturist," by S. Edwards
Todd, 1871. "American Pomology:
Apples," by J. A. Warder; "The Fruits
of America," by C. M. Hovey, in two
volumes, 1851-1856; "North American
Pomology," by W. D. Brinklee, Phila-
delphia, 1860; "Practical and Scientific
Fruit Culture," by Charles R. Baker,
Boston, 1866, and many other works
down to those of Prof. L. H. Bailey of
the present year.

In 1837 was published the first edition
of "The Complete Farmer and Rural
Economist." This was a very popular
work and ran through ten or a dozen
editions before 1860. "The New Amer-
ican Gardener," by the same author
became equally popular, and thirteen
editions were published previous to
1856.

One of the earliest American treatises
on vegetables and flower gardening of
which we have any knowledge was:
"The Gentleman and Gardener's Kalen-
dar for the Middle States of North
America," by Grant Thorburn, the first
American seedsman. It was published
at New York in 1812 in a little volume
of 114 pages with a folding plate of the
then prevailing "formal" garden printed
in green. Other volumes of American
gardening literature during the earlier
years of the art, were: "The first edition
of Fessenden's 'New American Gar-
dener,'" noted above, 1828; Corbett's
"American Gardener," 1836; "The
Gardener's Text-Book," by Peter Adam
Schenck, 1851; "The Flower Garden:
Breck's Book of Flowers," by Joseph
Breck, 1851; "The American Garden-
er's Assistant," by Thomas Bridgman,
a new edition, edited by S. Edward
Todd, 1867; "The American Home
Garden," by Alexander Watson, 1859,
the first editions of the popular and
practical works of the late Peter Hen-
derson, which were issued in 1867.

Probably the earliest special American
work on any branch of horticulture was:
"Treatise on the Culture and Growth of
the Different Sorts of Flower Roots,"—
really a treatise on "bulbs"—by J. P.
Casey, published at Baltimore in 1821.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

Farms for Sale.

0 cords or thereabout. Two story
th, and out-buildings, 11 rooms, in ge
tion, 2 barns, 1 good one 40x50 built a
ars ago. Low tax rate. One of the bes
chards in town, 500 trees. Good su
ple trees. Heavy loam soil. Price \$
\$2800.00 for home farm. Write f
for other information.

0 cords or thereabout. Two story
th, and out-buildings, 11 rooms, in ge
tion, 2 barns, 1 good one 40x50 built a
ars ago. Low tax rate. One of the bes
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\$2800.00 for home farm. Write f
for other information.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

BOSTON, OCTOBER 29, 1898.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

Notice.

Owing to changes in the building now occupied by the MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN at the corner of Federal and Milk Sts., a new entrance has been made on Milk St. and our address will be in future either 10 and 12 Federal St., or 79 Milk St. The elevator is accessible from either entrance. The Milk St. entrance is directly opposite the Boston post office.

PAYING interest on a mortgage at high rates is like bailing out a boat with a hole in the bottom.

SMALL avails to vote no license and then endorse men whom you know will not try to carry out your principles. Voting no is only a beginning of temperance reform.

WHEN one line of product becomes unprofitable by reason of competition, there are two ways out, either learn to make a better article for less money, or try some other product.

IN voting for town and state officials this fall, farmers should be careful to choose such as will be likely at least not to discriminate between their farmer constituents. In the past some of the so-called farmers' friends have sold out the farmers' interest. Look out for them.

THE English beef eater prefers to see the animal alive, and have it slaughtered in England. Hence the growth of a large trade in live stock and cattle which are finished off in England and sold at top prices as English meat. American cattle are considered the best of all that are landed in England, better than either Canadian or those from Argentina.

MANY applicants have appeared for the coming vacancy caused by retirement of Secretary Sessions of the State Board of Agriculture. The position is one of considerable prominence in the agricultural line, and there is a good salary attached. One of the most eligible candidates is ex-State master Howe, of the Massachusetts grange, a man of ability and good sense, successful as a farmer and popular in agricultural circles.

WHEN a smart farmer moves to a slow and back number neighborhood, more benefit is likely to result than from any numbers of lectures on better farming. Farmers are not blind, and when they see with their own eyes how better methods and more push can be made profitable they will gradually begin to imitate. It has frequently happened that an important new branch of farming, for which the whole section has become famous, has been introduced by one or two hustling men.

SOMETIMES all that a small town needs to lessen its dullness is to have the social crust thoroughly broken. Here is where a great service can be done by people used to the active life of the city, who remove to the country. Quite frequently the formation of a good grange or farmers' club will bring about the desired change. Sometimes it comes from the activity of young men in church social life. Whatever is done, a few energetic spirits are required. Sometimes one or two persons alone can start a social movement. Young people who complain of the dullness of the place where they live should realize if any change for the better is made it will be by their own efforts.

IN establishing a farm business there are two ways of starting out. One is to do what the others are doing. If it is a dairy section make butter or cheese. The fact that so many are in that line is an indication that the section is well adapted to that branch of farming. Probably land, climate and means for transportation are all favorable, and the beginner will find plenty of experts to teach him the business. On the same principles a farmer in a fruit growing district should raise fruit, and grow wheat in a grain growing section. The worst objection is that the grower must compete at wholesale with all his neighbors for there is usually no retail markets for products so extensively grown. Another plan is to grow what everyone else is not growing. In every town there are odds and ends of agricultural production which afford an easy living for a few of the farmers. One can pick up a little milk route, another hunt up a few choice customers in the city and supplies them with what they want: poultry and eggs, cream, honey, fruit, etc. The most profitable farming is done by following one of these methods, either going completely with the swim or striking out for one's self.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in presence of this 29th day of October, A.D. 1898.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The large cities are holding peace jubilees, expressing their joy at the coming of peace in many different ways. Chicago's jubilee last week was made more interesting by the presence of the President and this week Philadelphia is taking its turn. The jubilee opened on Tuesday with a naval review on the Delaware River in which nine of the war vessels participated, the guest of the day being Secretary of the Navy Long. President McKinley will attend this jubilee also.

According to the last advice from General Wade, president of the American Cuban Commission, it will probably be December 1 before additional troops will be required in Cuba. This statement, in connection with the assurances that the Spanish officials are earnestly trying to complete the evacuation of the island, has tended to reconcile the authorities to postponement of the original date for the completion of the evacuation a month beyond the date originally fixed upon. It is felt, however, that there is no actual loss of time, for more time will thus be available wherein to complete details to insure the comfort of the troops when they shall arrive there. The insurgents in Cuba are giving trouble again and attempts are being made to arouse feeling against the Americans, which have not as yet, however, met with much success.

Porto Rico is under the American flag, but considerable excitement was caused by the fact that several Spaniards were retained in office by General Brooke. Investigation proved that they were well fitted for the offices and it was the part of wisdom to retain them. A system of street cleaning is to be inaugurated in San Juan.

Reports reached this country last week of disastrous typhoons, sandstorms and floods in the Orient. In the district watered by the river Feng in Japan, hundreds of villages were swept away, and two thousand persons drowned. Some two hundred and fifty towns are under water. Seven prefectures were destroyed. A typhoon off Formosa at the same time as the floods did great damage to shipping. At Tainan, eight junks were wrecked and a hundred lives lost. Among the ships wrecked was the American barque Comer, which was abandoned, though the crew was saved. The French steamer Hohow was wrecked on the beach near Anoy. The German steamer Trinidad, formerly of the Cunard line, was abandoned in open sea. Homeward bound passengers state they passed through twenty miles of abandoned wrecks, chiefly Chinese junk. The loss of life must have been enormous.

But little definite information has come as to the doings of the peace commission in Paris. One point settled was the acquisition of Guam in the Ladrones Islands by the United States and the possession of Porto Rico is also assured, the formal transfer being practically accomplished, a few minor details only remaining to be decided upon. The Cuban matter will probably be finally disposed of by the end of this week, the Americans standing firm in their position. The American peace commission have at last decided upon the course to pursue in regard to the Philippine question, although that subject has not been reached in the deliberations of the joint commissions. There are indications that important news has been received from Paris by the Administration as several cabinet meetings have been hastily called and the private secretary of Judge Day has reached this country on a mission to the President.

Paris has attracted attention to itself again by its spectacular performances, the Dreyfus affair being still the source of trouble. The Brisson cabinet aroused much feeling against it when it voted to refer the question of the re-opening of the Dreyfus case to the court of cassation, and the military element and those who are bitter against the Jews, have been loud in their denunciations of that action. On Tuesday, the whole cabinet resigned and this move was followed by an outburst of mob violence in the streets of the city. Cries of "Down with the Jews" were heard, bonfires kindled and Paris appeared to be for a time in a state of revolution. Fully 250 arrests were made. A new cabinet will be formed at once, but the outcome of this action is not as yet to be foreseen.

The turmoil over the resignation of the Brisson cabinet has obscured for a moment the really critical situation now existing between France and England over the former's occupation of Fashoda in Egypt. As indicated in this column some weeks ago, the possession of this important strategic point by the French interrupts the triumphant march of the English southward in their efforts to establish a commercial highway between the Mediterranean and Cape Colony. A report was current recently that France refused to abandon Fashoda and naval preparations for war are being made by both nations. Russia would be pleased to see England's attention diverted from Asiatic matters to Africa, but it is hardly likely that two nations of the strength and intelligence of France and England will be likely to come to active warfare over such a question as this. France may be standing firm in this position in the hope of being bought off at a good price and also to divert the minds of the people from the Dreyfus matter.

The French painter, Puvion de Chavannes, whose work is best known in this city by the mural paintings in the Boston Public Library, has just died in France. He was a master in his special line knowing no conventions, his method of working being entirely original. Although over seventy years of age, he was a leader in the young school of French artists.

In Classic Times all roads led to Rome:
In Modern Times all avenues and thoroughfares in New England lead direct to

HOUGHTON & DUTTON'S WHY?

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Washington News.

What a pity it is we have not an abundant apple crop. Never have conditions been so auspicious for securing an immense export trade in Europe. Consul-General Mason to Germany reports that the apple crop there is one of the smallest and poorest in recent years. Ordinary cider apples command three times their usual price and the official records of wholesale fruit sales at Frankfurt recently show fall apples bringing from \$5.90 to \$8.90 per barrel and winter stock \$10.35. Cooking apples of the most inferior sort now retail in Frankfurt markets at eight and nine cents per pound. All reports indicate that this deficiency of supply is not confined to Germany but extends more or less generally to France, Tyrol, Bohemia and northern Italy, from which countries German importers had been accustomed to draw their supplies until the memorable season of 1896-97 when the American apple—impelled by the large crop and low prices of that year, invaded the Fatherland and established new standards of quality and cost in the German fruit markets.

CHESTNUT BREAD.

Recent advance sheets of Consular Reports give some interesting data on the use of nuts as food in foreign countries. In France and Italy, the large Italian chestnuts are largely eaten by the common people in place of bread or potatoes. In some sections there are large plantations, almost forests, of these chestnuts; the fruit of which somewhat resembles our horse-chestnut. They are cooked in various ways, are wholesome and nutritious and retail as low as one cent per pound. In many sections they are ground into flour and made up into bread, which is sweet and fattening. In Korea the chestnut is eaten extensively. During the winter vendors of boiled or roasted chestnuts are common along the streets. Boys roast the nuts in little excavations in the streets and sell the hot nuts to passers-by.

SECRETARY WILSON SAYS IT CURES.

The experiments of the last season conducted by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture show conclusively the value of the serum treatment for the hog cholera and swine plague. Considerable skepticism has been expressed in the agricultural press concerning the efficacy of this treatment, but the figures in the possession of the Department show beyond a doubt that hog cholera can, to a great extent, be controlled. "There is no part of the country," said Secretary Wilson, in speaking of this disease, "which suffers more from cholera than my own state, Iowa. Thousands of fine hogs die annually from it and swine plague, but we have the remedy now, which, if properly used will prevent most of this loss. Last year we experimented with a number of droves in Page County, Iowa, with the result that we saved about 80 per cent of the hogs, while droves alongside not treated, lost about 80 per cent. This year the Bureau of Animal Industry has treated 17 herds, aggregating 922 hogs, of which 170 died, making a percentage saved of 81 out of every hundred. Other herds close at hand were observed but not treated, aggregating 1107 hogs, of which 879 died, or 79.8 per cent. The people in Page County, I can tell you, believe in the serum treatment."

A GOOD RATION.

The most important part of food is that which goes to build up the muscles and lean and replace the wear and tear of the tissues. This office is performed by the protein in foods or the nitrogenous compounds. Animals which are constantly giving away—yielding something—require large amounts of nitrogenous matter in

their foods. Clovers, alfalfa, cow peas and other legumes are especially rich in this respect, and therefore make strong food for animals which are yielding up some daily product, or young stock which is growing rapidly. A recent experiment shows that a mixture of one ton of alfalfa hay and three tons of green corn fodder, or ensilage, will furnish food for one milch cow of 1000 weight for 136 days without notable loss of any of the digestible compounds in the forage.

WHY FRUIT DOES NOT SET.

The Kansas Experiment Station has issued a useful bulletin setting forth the reasons why fruit does not set. In the first place the pollen may be lacking or insufficient in quantity. This is found especially in strawberries. Many varieties produce only a small amount of pollen; in such cases alternate rows of the pollen producing sorts should be planted, when the fertilization will be complete. In many flowers insects are the chief means of carrying the pollen from blossom to blossom during the receptive period. Bad weather sometimes hinders the work of bees to such an extent as to cause lack of pollenization. In some varieties of plants the flowers are self sterile and will take pollen only from another variety, as for instance the Bartlett pear; this tree requires the pollen from another variety. Isolated plants therefore of large orchards of this class may fail to set fruit on this account. To prevent such trouble, the varieties should be mixed. The quickest way recommended in such cases is to top graft another variety upon them. An insufficient bee supply will also cause the non-setting of fruit. The honey bee is the chief agent of the fruit grower in this regard. The receptive period of the flower may be short and too few bees will fall to perform the work properly. Hives, it is stated, should be within a mile of the orchard or small fruit patch. Why should not each fruit grower have a few hives himself and thus always be sure of this part of the work?

ECONOMIC GRASSES.

A valuable bulletin for reference just issued by the Agricultural Department is entitled Economic Grasses. It contains descriptions of some 250 grasses growing in this country and information regarding them. A number of grasses are recommended as sand binders and for holding embankments. Among these are Couch-grass, Beech-grass, which grows along the shore lines, Bitter Panic-grass and others. Different species are also classified according to their adaptability to different kinds of lands, such as grasses for wet lands, lawn grasses, pasture grasses and hay grasses. The term grass seems to include many economic plants not generally spoken of as grasses, such as sorghums, oats, corn, wheat, barley, bamboos, rice, etc. The bamboo family is described as containing 175 species, the largest of which attain a height of 120 feet, with a diameter of a foot—a giant fishing pole. The feeding value of oat hay, according to the bulletin is much higher than that of timothy, oat hay containing about 8.8 per cent of crude protein (nitrogenous product) and 55 to 65 per cent of fat formers, whereas timothy contains from 5 to 7 per cent crude protein and from 45 to 55 per cent fat formers. Among cereals oats are the most nutritious. Rice is described as the staple food of one-third the human race and the annual production of southern Asia, China and Japan is estimated at 100,000,000 tons. "Paddy" is the rice in the husk. The seed of Kentucky Blue-grass is recommended never to be covered, but only rolled after sowing, as they germinate better in the light than the dark. This grass (poa pratensis) is called June-grass in the Northern states, Green-grass in Pennsylvania and Smooth-stalked meadow-grass in England.

AMERICAN FLOUR IN JAPAN.

It seems that the Japanese are as foolish as most Americans about preferring white flour from which much of the protein has been taken. Consul-General Govey to Yokohama sends an article to the State Department from the Japanese Times in which it is stated that the flour

business is yet in its infancy in Japan and the out-put of the mills cannot supply the ever increasing demand of the consumers; also that American flour is whiter than the native product and its importation constantly increasing. Seed of American wheat has recently been planted in Japan, with a view to securing whiter flour and the "Times" hopes that after the lapse of some years the importation of American flour will be greatly reduced. Consul-General Govey, however, is of the opposite opinion, and thinks, from inquiry and observation that the market will continue to grow and imports increase.

TWO INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

The Cornell Station last year instituted an experiment which is likely to prove of benefit to certain New York farmers. The Station experimented with growing celery in Orange County, N. Y., a famous onion section. The yield was very fine and the proximity to the New York and Philadelphia markets insures the success of the industry. The soil is entirely adapted to celery culture, being similar to that of Kalamazoo, and Professor Bailey of the Cornell University, believes that this section will soon be a rival of that famous celery region. Of late years onions in New York have been raised at a very low margin of profit, and even at a loss.

An interesting experiment is recorded by the Delaware Experiment Station to determine the possibility of keeping grapes fresh by the use of alcoholic fumes. Two bunches of ripe Norfolk grapes were placed under a bell jar with two uncorked bottles of alcohol. December 15th they were tested, found to be plump and sound and have a natural flavor, though somewhat darker in color. On February 10th they were still in perfect condition but had acquired an alcoholic flavor. By some this might not be considered an unmixed evil.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

Very large trees can be successfully transplanted by beginning operations in the fall before the ground freezes. The size of the tree is only limited to the power and conveyance available to do the moving. The writer transplanted a large elm tree in the following manner. A circle with a radius of two feet was marked around the tree. Outside of this a ditch was dug about three feet deep, cutting all roots of course but the tap roots. This ditch was wide enough to allow a man to get into and work under the tree. A hole was then dug to receive the tree, and when the ball froze solid the entire tree with earth was removed and planted.

GUY E. MITCHELL.

Read and Run.

—Wheat in Northwestern fields has been greatly damaged by rain.
—The Readville post office was broken into but little of value taken.
—Print cloth is up two cents already as a result of Fall River agreement.
—Frosts in the yellow fever districts have much relieved the situation.
—Successful torpedo experiments have been made with the Holland submarine boat.
—General Charles A. Whittier has been recalled from Manila, at the suggestion of General Otis.
—The administration has been informed that additional troops are not required in Cuba before Dec. 1.
—About a million and a half bushels of grain have been shipped from the port of Boston thus far this month.
—Consul Platt advises the establishment of export bureaus in foreign countries to promote American trade.

—The board of Ordnance Experts declares the Krag-Jorgensen rifle to be superior to others used in the recent war.
—Twenty-five hundred miles of additional territory and a new channel for Yukon-bound vessels has been discovered in Alaska.
—It is probable that Swampscott, Stoneham and Lynn will ask for admission to the metropolitan water district before a great while.

—Ploughing is dangerous work in some portions of our country. The story comes from Tampa, Fla., of a negro who was ploughing with two mules in an orange grove there when suddenly one of the mules sank into the earth and disappeared from sight, tearing loose from the harness. The driver and the other mule were badly frightened and ran away from the place. The sink into which the mule had fallen is about twelve feet in diameter and the bottom is fifty feet below the surface. There was no indication of the cavity on the surface prior to the accident.

—It is estimated that the total number of telephone subscribers of the whole world amounts to about 1,500,000. The United States stands at the top with 900,000. Then follows Germany, with 160,000 subscribers; England, with 75,000; Switzerland, with 50,000; France, with 35,000; Austria-Hungary, with 30,000; the vast Russian empire, with only 18,000; Scandinavia, 16,000; Denmark, with 15,000; Italy, 14,000; Holland and Spain, each 12,000; Belgium, 11,000; Japan,

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

3500; Portugal, Luxembourg, Australia, each 2000; Roumania, 400; Bulgaria, 300. It will be seen that there is still plenty of room for extension. There are many countries where the telephone is still quite unknown.

—A large Pennsylvania tube company has spent \$100,000 in installing machinery for the operation of its entire plant by electricity. This is said to be the first large iron mill in this country to adopt electricity for power. A thousand horsepower will be distributed to about twenty-five motors of forty horse-power each. The estimated saving in fuel will be fully twenty-five per cent. The company is now using 150,000 bushels of coal per month, and it is believed that with electricity it will be possible to secure the same amount of power from a little over 100,000 bushels per month.

World Over.

Venetian coins of 1570 and 1577, bearing the name of Doge Aloys Mocenigo, have been found in Mashonaland, in the interior of South Africa.

—Archduchess Gisela of Austria, wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria and eldest daughter of the murdered Empress Elizabeth, will be the recipient of the pope's golden rose this year.

—Tattooed dogs are now the fashion in London. A coat-of-arms or a monogram is marked on the throat or breast of the animal. The process is made almost painless by the use of cocaine.

—The London police have discovered in Red Lion square a well-stocked establishment which supplies professional beggars with the paraphernalia used by them to impress the urgency of their distress upon the public. A large assortment of wooden legs and arms, asthmatic hand organs and fiddles, wigs and beards, ragged suits and dresses were found.

—The thousand or so visitors who every year climb up to Andernatt from Gochschen at the mouth of the St. Gothard tunnel will find a new sight to marvel at when next season arrives. It is exactly a hundred years ago since 40,000 Russians under Suvaroff descended the St. Gothard Pass and defeated the French under Massena at the well-known Devil's Bridge. In commemoration of the event a huge cross has been cut in the living rock opposite the bridge, and a few days ago it was unveiled in the presence of a number of Russian officers. The Swiss Government did not participate in the ceremonial beyond giving their permission and lending a few gendarmes to keep the crowd in order.

MARRIAGES.

HITTINGER—TRILL—At Belmont, Oct. 20, Mr. Jacob Hittinger and Miss Abnetta Frances Trill, both of Belmont.
WRIGHT—WYETH—At Sharon, Oct. 20, W. R. Wright and Marion, daughter of J. J. Wyeth.

DEATHS.

EATON—At Woburn, Oct. 19, R. B. Eaton, 80 years.
FARQUHAR—At Newton, Oct. 20, Sarah, daughter of D. W. Farquhar, 23 years.
VAN SCHACK—At Waltham, Oct. 21, Jerusha Van Schack, 82 years.

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THE SOIL. Its Nature, Relations and Fundamental Principles of Management. By F. H. King, Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin. 303 pages, 45 illustrations. Price to our readers, 60 cents.

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THE SPRAYING OF PLANTS. A Succinct Account of the History, Principles and Practice of the Application of Liquids and Powders to Plants for the Purpose of Destroying Insects and Fungi. By E. G. Lodenan, late Instructor in Horticulture in the Cornell University. 399 pages, 92 illustrations. Price to our readers, 75 cents.

MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS. A Treatise upon the Nature and Qualities of Dairy Milk, and the Manufacture of Butter and Cheese. By Henry H. Wing, Assistant Professor of Dairy Husbandry in the Cornell University. 280 pages, 33 illustrations. Price to our readers, 75 cents.

PLANT BREEDING. Being Five Lectures upon the Amelioration of Domestic Plants. By L. H. Bailey, Professor of Horticulture in the Cornell University. 293 pages, 10 illustrations. Price to our readers, 75 cents.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHESTNUT TIME.

What are these upon the ground,
Dressed in satin jackets brown,
White fur collars, slender necks,
Heads with caps that tassels deck,
Hiding under fallen leaves,
That are scattered by the breeze?
These are chestnuts, brown, you see,
Come to visit you and me.

They've been swinging many days,
Where the birds have sung their lays,
Prickly bursas, closed so tight,
They were hidden from our sight,
Till the frost came to their home
And invited them to come,
Spend the winter, share the joys
Of the happy girls and boys.

O, for happy chestnut time,
And the trees we love to climb!
Shake the limbs, the chestnuts fall,
Leaves will try to cover all.
We will find them, but leave more
For the squirrel's winter store.
We'll undo their coats so neat,
Eat the kernels good and sweet.

—Malana A. Harris.

THE CIRCUS, AND JOHN'S PROMISE.

"How much money have you saved up?"
"Two dollars," replied John Carr.
"When! Guess you can take in all the side shows. They say this is going to be the greatest show on earth. This is the real Barnum's, this is." "I heard there's going to be a real live Hottentot in one of the side tents." "And they are going to have the dancing ponies go through a whole quadrille." "Look! There's the Nancy Jane now! If the wind's fair, cap'n says we'll start at six o'clock to-morrow morning." "Six o'clock! What's that for?" exclaimed John. "Get the fair wind, or course." "How we going to start at that time of day?" "Why, what's the matter with six o'clock? Can't you wake up?" "Don't school keep Friday?" asked John. "Course. They wouldn't let school out if Barnum was to pitch his tent right here on the island; but teacher won't have any school to-morrow—only girls."

John Carr got up when the last speaker had finished his remarks; and throwing a stone with considerable force at a lobster-car, he turned and walked away. He kept on along the beach until he was out of sight and hearing of the boys. Then he threw himself down on the sand.

Ever since last November he had been saving his money for this great event. He had helped his father make lobster pots, off and on, all winter. He had discovered the earliest dandelion greens; and lately he had found a blue gull's egg, the only one this season, and sold it for twenty-five cents. The money was in his pocket now. He had intended to see every single show this time, as well as the animals and the real circus; but now—John looked across the bay toward the mainland, eighteen miles, and no way to get across excepting to go in the Nancy Jane; and she was to sail at six o'clock.

"It's head-wind now," said John to himself. "But it will shift round by six o'clock to-morrow morning. It's done that way for a week." Just then John's eye caught the outline of two people standing on the brow of the hill above the little settlement. One was Miss Russell, the teacher of the school on the island; and the other was Mr. Paton, the pastor of the tiny church. "I s'pose teacher's tickled 'cause there's a school to-morrow," said John. "I'll be the only boy there, too; and she'll smile and think I'm great, 'cause I stayed home from the circus. If she says anything to me, I'll!" Here John took up stone after stone, and threw them with all his strength into the water.

Meanwhile the teacher and the minister seeing John down there on the beach, began to talk about him.

"I wonder if John will go off in the Nancy Jane to-morrow," said Miss Russell.

"Why, of course he will! Why not?" "I don't think he will," said Miss Russell. "He promised his father he would not be absent from school once while he is gone on his fishing cruise."

"Well," said the minister, "it'll be a big temptation. I know what the circus means to a boy."

"I don't," returned Miss Russell. "But I do know what I shall think of John if he keeps his promise. I think he'll keep it, too."

"Don't expect too much from these people," replied Mr. Paton. "Remember they have had very few advantages."

"As long as I stay here," she said, looking out over the blue water, "I shall expect everything from them—everything noble and true."

"You are right," replied the minister, quickly. And then, after quite a long silence, they began to plan a little journey for the following afternoon.

The next morning, at three o'clock, John awoke, and looked out over the bay. All the boats were pointing toward the island.

"Fair wind," said John, the last ray of hope dying as he spoke. Then he turned and buried himself among the pillows.

"I will go! I will go!" he said over and over to himself; but all the while he kept tight hold of the bed-covers, and made no attempt to dress.

After a while he heard men's voices. Then he heard a boy running and shouting in a glad, excited voice. Pretty soon a whole family passed by under his window. They were all talking at once. He heard one sentence, "There's plenty of time." Then John got up, dashed into his clothes, took his two dollars and his hat, and ran with all his might up hill and down toward the beach. Just before reaching the brow of the last hill he stopped with a jerk, stood still there a moment, shut in by friendly hills; and then, having been mindful all the while of his promise, he threw himself down flat, buried his face in the short grass, covered his ears

with his hands, and stayed there until he heard the sharp rattle of the hoisting sails. Then he got up and went home. At nine o'clock John was sitting in his seat at school. There was one scholar besides himself—a little girl whose grandmother was too old to care for the circus. All the rest of the people—fathers, mothers, and everybody with any "go" in them—were by this time nearly across the bay.

The teacher did not smile at all that morning. She did not say a word to John about his staying home from the circus. She called the little girl up to read, and John looked out of the window over toward the mainland. He could see in imagination the great tent, with the ropes drawn and the rings hung. There were the dancing ponies and the elephant, the crowds of people, the peanut stalls. Oh! And John gave the desk in front of him a vicious kick, but the teacher took no notice of this. John felt as though he would like to have her throw the bell at him. Miss Pix, the teacher before Miss Russell, threw the bell at one of the scholars. They used to have jolly times in those days, but now all the scholars in the school had gone over to the teacher. John was the only one who stood out against her. He never did like teachers. They were always blaming him or else praising him. He felt smothered when they were around.

To-day Miss Russell, having heard the little girl's lessons, kept John busy. She drilled him in arithmetic and science, language, spelling, and reading. Twelve o'clock came sooner than it ever had before, and there was little work left for afternoon. When the hands on the clock pointed at half-past two, Miss Russell announced that school was done; and John and the small girl walked out.

The minister was at the door. "John," said he, "Miss Russell and I are going across the bay this afternoon. She promised to be first mate, but she wants to back out now. It's head-wind, you know. Will you go, John, and help me get her safely across? There'll be considerable tacking to do, but I think we can make it."

John looked into the minister's face. He felt all at once as if he should spring right up into the air and disappear. The great white tent and the little tents, the live Hottentot, and the dancing ponies flashed across his mind. "I'll go, sir,—yes, sir! Thank you!"

"All right, John. Be ready in fifteen minutes!" John dashed over the billyow island toward home. When he reached the top of the first hill, something made him turn round. Miss Russell was standing in the school-house doorway, gazing after the boy, and smiling. Then like a flash, it came to John why the teacher had resigned her position as first mate.

He spent all his money at the circus, and had a jolly time. But there was a change in John. From that day it made no difference what Miss Russell did or what any of Miss Russell's successors did; John stood firm on the side of teachers.—Francis J. Delano in the Congregationalist.

ABOUT THE FAIRIES.

Pray where are the little blue bells gone
That lately tinkled in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have taken each one
And put it on for a hood.

And where are the pretty grass stalks gone
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one
To plant in their garden, like trees.

And where are the big blue bottles gone
That bubbled in their little ponds?
Oh, the fairies have caught them every one,
And have broken them in to ride.

And they've taken the glow worms to light
their halls,
And the crickets to sing them a song,
And the great red rose leaves to paper their walls.

And they're feasting the whole night long,
But when spring comes with its soft, mild ray
And the ripple of gentle rain,
The fairies bring back what they've taken
And give it us all again.

—Sel.

Where the Pins Go.

Every individual who lives to grow up has in all probability asked at some time in his life what becomes of all the pins that are manufactured and lost. An old gentleman in London, according to Harper's Bazar, has prepared himself to answer the question. By a series of experiments conducted in his back garden he has discovered that they go the way of all flesh, and are resolved into dust! Hairpins, which he watched for one hundred and fifty-four days, disappeared at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown by the wind as it formed; bright pins took nearly eighteen months to disappear; polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pens at the end of fifteen months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed, and the cedar almost as good as new; but when nobody has ever asked the question about pencils, and he might have spared himself his pains.

The best manner of avenging ourselves is by not resembling him who has injured us.—Jane Porter.

NO USE IN IT.

No use in moping!
When skies ain't bright;
Keep on a-hopin'—
It'll soon be light!

No use in grievin'
'Bout the milk you spill;
Keep on believin'
That the cow'll stand still!

No use in rowin'
'Cos the crops is slow;
Keep on sowin'
An' they're bound to grow!

No use! the heaven
Is above the skies;
Put in the leaven
An' the bread will rise!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangement with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN CO., we are able to supply our readers with the *Bazar Glove-Fitting Pattern* at very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Name
Address
No. of Pattern
Size
Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.



No. 7491—Ladies' House Jacket for Eldest Daughter, etc.

For cold winter mornings nothing can exceed in comfort a pretty morning jacket of soft eider down. As here represented pale blue was the color chosen, the edges being neatly finished with a blue binding of satin in the same shade, which is machine stitched on its inside and upper edges. The gracefully pointed collar is a picturesque feature of the garment and is included in the seam with a comfortable rolling collar that completes the neck. The shaping is very simply accomplished by side back seams that end just below the waist line, under-arm gore, and shoulder seams, the fronts being closed invisibly in centre under small decorative bows of satin ribbon. The sleeves are two seamed in regular coat shape, the becoming fullness gathered at the top and the wrists bound with satin. Although especially designed for eider down, any woolen fabric may be chosen to develop this neat and trim house jacket; flannel, camel hair, ladies cloth or cashmere being pretty when trimmed with ribbon, lace or insertion. To make this jacket for a lady of medium size will require three and one-half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. The pattern, No. 7491 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. With coupon 10 cents.

Take a ribbon and wind it twice around your collar, then knot it and tuck in the ends, and fasten the knot down with a tiny fancy pin, and your neck is correctly dressed, says an exchange.

As to the color of the ribbon, wear whatever suits your taste, but coral, light turquoise, brilliant clear green, and violet shades are evidently the choice of the majority.

The stock seems to be the accepted place for the dash of color in your fall costumes. Many of the latest are of velvet embroidered, with polka dots in white silk. Satin stocks, tucked all the way around, are also in vogue. There are more rose-pink satin stocks seen than any other.

Quite the latest things in neckties are the velvet Scotch plaids—the gayest of the gay colors.

Enough fall hats have been purchased, so that we know what is going to be popular. The style of hat often seen is on the spread eagle order. It turns up in front, and half open wings, four or five sets, sweep back from the face.

The all-black hats, with cut-steel buckles and long feathers or wings are in highest favor. Black and white wings, the sets alternating, are used a great deal. Some of the most striking hats are brown, and the plumes are every shade, from the darkest down to the lightest.

The ruffs on the latest dress skirts is reversed this season. Instead of being narrow in front and deep in back, it is very deep in front and slopes down in the back, so of when the demitrain is used it adds not a little to the courtly sweep. Not every figure looks as well with ruffle high in front as in back.

Frost is surely coming. It will soon be too late for the gathering of the milkweed seed pods, says an exchange. Jack will nip the pods, and scatter the fluffy contents if there is a delay now, in planning for the milkweed cushions that will doubtless figure prominently in the Christmas giving, for this particular style of milkweed cushion is especially popular now.

The pods are opened and divested of their contents, and pods and contents thoroughly dried. The pods are then cut in two lengthwise, and in them are fitted cushions filled with the fluffy silk which was removed from the pods and dried. Tie together tufts of the silk and fasten at the top of each cushion.

These cushions may be made of yellow China silk, which will contrast prettily with the dark brown of the pods, and is fitted into the pods.

The stems, which should not be removed, are bent downward and caught together near the ends with wire, silk being sewed to them at the top to form a loop for a brass ring, a yellow bow of ribbon being tied to it.

The pointed ends are each tipped with a yellow silk tassel.

The fluffy, silky contents of the milkweed pods may also be used for filling sachet bags of thin silk, and are simply

striped or figured fabrics. To make this dress for a child six years of age will require two and one-half yards of material forty-four inches wide. The pattern, No. 7495, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years. With coupon, 10 cents.

Very heavy raised ribs, woven over lightly with satin threads, are seen among the new cross-stripe silks, as the Philadelphia Record.

Dress linings these days are almost as artistic and dressy as the material itself. A beauty displayed lately was of pale maize satinette strewn with long sprays of forget-me-nots, the flowers in blue and the foliage in several tones of green.

This year's costumes show any amount of rich ornamentation lavished both on skirts and waists, jets and spangles playing a prominent part.

The smartest skirts are long all round, and some are slightly trained. Braiding on skirts, put on in a trailing design, in which the bow-knot designs appear, is a noticeable feature of many fashionable street costumes.

Circular flounces are seen on every hand, mostly headed by a cording of the same material or by felt bands.

The new short black silk coats are often ornamented with large silver, brass or enameled buttons.

Fringes are very much in evidence. In long, deep designs, to edge the ends of sashes, and narrow, fluffy kinds, to edge trills, they are particularly modish.

Applique bows of ribbon are the latest and smartest dress garnitures. These are made by making double bow-knots of No. 3 or No. 6 ribbon, and putting them on different parts of the dress, opening the loops and lightly tacking them in position.

The salient points of the winter coats are their revers, shaped tail and enormous Medici collars.

Buff pongee, trimmed with torchon edging and inserting makes a most attractive undershirt, and does not soil so readily as white.

The paid hose of last winter is now a back number. All new fancy hosiery is in various designs and colorings in stripes. Closely clustered ones in sombre effects, running lengthwise, are favorites.

Sleeves are perfectly smooth, only a slight frill at the top prevents their being a skin-tight fit.

Capes are cut quite short in the front and extend longer in the back. They are nearly all made with the "circular" flounce, very often made of another material and sometimes of the same beautiful colorings and combinations being shown in the golf capes this season, and also in the golf coats, which are made double-breasted with a hood and high standing collar lined with the plaid.

In new materials shown there are double-faced cashmeres, which come in all the new fall shades, Venetian cloth, so popular for tailor-made gowns, and plain cloths, which are to be worn more than ever, and will be used for almost every style of gown.

In silks there is faile de Paris, peau de soie, peau de Diane and taffetas in all the new colorings for fall.

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These are very easy to make if only directions are closely followed and they are a welcome change from the more hearty breakfast goss made with baking powder. To one cup of flour add three-fourths of a level teaspoonful of salt and seven-eighths of a cupful of milk. Beat well one fresh egg and add to the mixture, also one-half teaspoonful of melted butter. Beat vigorously for at least two minutes with the Dover egg beater, then put quickly into iron gem pans which have been previously well greased and heated hot. Cook in a hot oven. The vigorous beating and the egg make the use of baking powder unnecessary. Earthen cups may be used in place of the iron pans.

Barberry Preserve with Peas.—Stew two quarts of barberries (after carefully picking them over) in water enough to cover them, for half an hour. Mash them until all are broken, then drain through cheese cloth. Make a syrup with this barberry water and five pounds of sugar. Boil and skim well. Have ten pounds of any hard peas, pared and cut in small slices. Cook them in the syrup until transparent, then put into jars. Boil the syrup until reduced enough to cover the fruit, strain it, fill the jars and seal.—Mrs. Lincoln.

Three ways of cooking lamb's liver are given in Table Talk:

Liver and Bacon.—Have the liver cut in thin slices, cover with boiling water for a moment or two, then drain and dry. Cover the bottom of the pan with thin slices of fat bacon and set at the side of the fire where the fat will slowly try out, pouring it off once or twice, then draw the pan forward until the bacon is very lightly colored. Transfer it to a hot dish and keep warm. Dust each slice of liver with salt, pepper and flour, put the pan over the hotter part of the fire and quickly cook the meat; the slices should be done through but not hard. Place them in the dish, arrange the bacon round them and serve. If a gravy is desired, add to the hot pan sufficient dry flour to absorb the fat, stir until brown and add gradually sufficient boiling water to make a moderately thick gravy. Season, boil for a moment and pour round the liver.

Liver and Bacon en Brochette.—Have both meats cut into thin slices. Cut the slices into inch squares. On each skewer string alternate pieces of bacon and liver until full, dust with salt and pepper and broil over a clear hot fire. Serve on the skewers.

Braised Lamb's Liver.—Trim, wash and dry a lamb's liver. Lard it well with fat salt pork and dredge with salt and pepper. In a deep pan put layers of thinly sliced carrots and onions (two good-sized ones of each) a stalk of parsley, one of celery and a clove. On this lay the prepared liver, pour into the pan one cupful of boiling water or stock, cover closely and place in a moderate oven for two hours and a half. Thicken the gravy and serve with it, serving the vegetables in a separate dish.

Kagout of Calf's Liver.—Take the remains of a braised liver or boil a fresh one for an hour in slightly salted water. Cut into half-inch dice and measure; for each pint allow one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of water or stock, one tablespoonful of walnut catsup and two tablespoonfuls of chopped olives. Brown the butter, add the flour and brown again; add gradually the liquid and stir until smooth and thick. Color with kitchen bouquet (it should be very dark), add the catsup, olive, salt and pepper to taste and the prepared meat. Simmer for ten minutes and serve.

Pickle good for Use as Soon as Made.—Cabbage two quarts; green tomatoes, one quart; onions, one pint; green Cayenne pepper, one pod. After taking out the seed of this last, chop all up fine and mix together thoroughly. Let the vegetables stand, covered, all night, when the liquor must be strained off and thrown away. Now season with a tablespoonful of round mustard, a table-spoonful of ginger, the same

of salt, and a few drops of vinegar. Pack in jars, and pour over a strong vinegar.

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REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham from Happy Women.

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Mrs. E. WOOLHISER.

Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH.

1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me."

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

Always Good that's the whole story of the

GLENWOOD

The Glenwood agent has them.

each of cinnamon, cloves, salt and celery seed. Cover with cold vinegar (two quarts will be enough to allow) and your ingredients are complete. Boil steadily until the vegetables are clear and tender, when the pickle will be ready for immediate use. If you prefer a yellow color to the natural green one of the vegetables, tie up two ounces of tumeric in a muslin bag and put it in to boil with the pickle. Remove it afterwards.—Harper's Bazar.

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OUR HOMES.

PASSING OF SUMMER.

With oh! how sweet and how resigned a face
Fair summer goes into her death.
The trees
Still shine with green, and still the miser
Ply their old task, and still the brook doth race
With gentle music, and the garden's grace
With varied flowers is decked, and still the
freesia
Is fraught with balmy, and full-fledged birds
release
Their late-learned songs, while autumn comes
apace.
Soon deep shall lie the snow upon the grave
Of all dear things, and o'er our graves shall
lie.
With dying summer's grace may we depart,
Smile in the face of that which bids us die,
And look with hope upon the welcome
wave,
With no vain tears and with a sunny heart.
—Chicago Record.

A GAME POSTPONED.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

It had been snowing for two days, and now the snow-ploughs were out, and the first really good sleighing of the winter would begin.

The great fields lay in unbroken whiteness. The woods along the banks of the Iowa river were billows of snow. The large farmhouses, and the number and size of the barns and other outlying buildings, gave evidence of the richness of the soil that lay buried and resting for another harvest.

Judge Hilton's house had the distinction of being built of brick. There was a dignity in its solidity over the usual white frame houses on the surrounding farms that well became the dignity of the judge.

The judge was New England born and bred. There is a veneration for Puritan ancestry in the entirely Western soul that the Puritan mind still has for good old Puritan blood.

Isabel Hilton was her father's housekeeper and only child. The mother had died while she was a baby, and she had ruled the house and had been ruled by her father since that time.

She had all her father's reserve and pride of family, and at the same time his happy nature and gracious manner, that won her friends when she desired to make friends. Those who found it impossible to win their way into her favor called this reserve in Isabel her "down East airs." There was a discouraging belief among the young men in the country around, some of whose fathers owned farms and herds of cattle large enough to divide and establish them in enviable beginnings, that if the judge thought any of them worthy to win his daughter's love there would never be an opportunity to gain the consent of the young lady.

The judge had theories against Isabel's entertaining young men alone, nor would he permit her to go with any escort but himself.

The privilege of spending the evening with Isabel, in the presence of her father, was considered a mark of distinction, and held the one so honored on a wave of hope.

"If a fellow had the backbone to out-sit the judge some night he might propose to the daughter," was the comment Mr. Holderman made to his son one day. Clint Holderman had been one of Isabel's most persistent admirers.

"The trouble with all of you boys, you go there shaking in your boots, and talk to the judge, and come away with a big head because you dared to do that; but I tell you, if I was a young fellow I'd out-sit him if I sat till the break of day. It's some such pluck as that the judge is looking for. He raised her and he knows her value; and she ain't going cheap to none of you. If you can stand in ahead of the other fellows and tow her in, I'll give you \$10,000 and deed you a section of land. Come, now, let's see what you're made of?"

In some way his lordly promise got adrift the current of country gossip, and roused the admirers of Isabel, one and all, to new interest in the contest. Large stories were told of the late hours the judge kept that winter with Isabel's suitors. Clint Holderman drove to the brick house early on the evening that he had set his mind with dint-like determination to give his father's advice a trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped along in his new cutter, drawn by a handsome span of black horses, he heart tucked in with buffalo robes, his heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the winter playing chess with the judge, so he was sure of his welcome; but tonight he looked beyond all this. He thought of the hour when, at last, with his heart and understanding touched, the judge would bid them good-night, and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man in the country than Clint Holderman; none who danced better, or who drove better horses; but more than that, the judge had told him that he had never known a man who had played a better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement, indeed; for if the judge had a weakness, it was for chess, and he would be decidedly pleasant to have a son-in-law who could be to him such a ready source of entertainment. As he drove into the yard the judge came out on the side piazza.

"Good evening," he called out, "just drive on to the barn; the man will put out your horses."

One of the farm hands came out of the stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him the reins and followed the judge into the house.

"Snapping cold, but splendid sleighing," the judge said while Clint was pulling off his overcoat in the hall.

"Yes, I believe my ears are touched," Clint answered rubbing them.

"Isabel is popping some corn. She'll be glad you happened over to help eat it."

He led the way into the long sitting-room at the end of the hall.

Isabel was on her knees before an open wood fire, shaking a corn popper. The white kernels snapped and expanded with a pleasant sound.

The lamp had not been lit, but the firelight made the room bright and cozy.

"Isabel, here is Mr. Holderman, my dear."

She sprang up.
"I didn't hear you come in. Good-evening. Come over here by the fire. Why, it's Clint!" she said, as he came into the glow. "I thought father meant your father. I never think of you as Mr. Holderman. Have some corn."

She held the popper open before him. "I'm sure I never think of you as Miss Hilton," he said, plunging his hand into the corn, and laughing. "That would be a little too much like strangers, as long as we've known each other."

The judge cleared his throat.
"I have always decidedly disliked the informality of country people in calling every one by their Christian names," he said. "It leaves no degree in intimacy. But I suppose it is impossible to know where to draw the line."

Isabel went back and knelt before the fire again.
"Oh, I don't know," she said, shaking the popper vigorously. "As long as it is a custom I don't think any one feels it a mark of special intimacy, and so the custom is protected by being a custom."

The young man sat awkwardly in his chair and was silent.
They seemed to be closing the doors against any thought he might have of closer intimacy with the family.

The judge left the room for a moment, and came back with a lighted lamp, and placed it on the claw-legged table in the center of the room. He had put on a long dressing-gown faced with crimson quilted silk, and now he drew his great chair up before the fire, and stretched himself out in it.

"Come, Clint, I will let you shake the popper for me, and I'll go down cellar and get some apples."

Isabel looked at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she held the handle towards him, and then ran out of the room.

Clint grasped the handle of the popper with the delight of success flooding his veins. Isabel had never before given him a reason to believe that she cared for him that could compare with that look.

Daylight would find him sitting right there, but he would beat the judge's watch and gain the opportunity of speaking to her.

It was a delightful evening. The judge partook of the popcorn, and the conversation was more than usually agreeable and entertaining.

There had been no alarm in Isabel's face, though she was holding the reins with all her strength, and had looked neither to the right nor the left as she passed him. If there was one thing more than another that the Holdermans prided themselves in, it was their knowledge of a good horse and splendid horsemanship.

Isabel Hilton's love of horses and her daring in driving them had been one of the first things that had won Clint's admiration. Her control and courage now appealed to him tremendously. His own horses seemed to have caught the spirit of the runaway pair ahead, as they flew along over the snow after them.

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He would have been completely wretched in his defeat if it had not been for that look in Isabel's eyes when she handed him the corn popper. He could endure his father's ridicule, and wait his time, remembering that look.

And so he made a good story of it at breakfast the next morning, and added, elevating his voice above the roaring laugh of his father and the shrieks of his mother and sister.

"Never you mind. The judge isn't through with me yet. I've only fired my first gun. I'll own when I came out of the house I was out of shot, but I haven't given up the fight yet."

"Oh, you'll let some other bantam rooster carry her off. I guess I'm safe enough on the cash and land I promised you," his father answered with a provoking laugh.

"Don't you count on it," Clint said, springing up from the table with fire in his eyes. "I'm not downed yet, I tell you."

"All right, sonny; we'll give a big dance to celebrate the engagement, and an oyster supper. I suppose there's no rush about ordering the oysters?"

"I'll hold you to that," Clint said, bringing his fist up against the door. "If the thing's settled by Saturday week, we'll have the dance. If it isn't—well, it won't be. I'm going over to town after the mail."

He turned and went out of the room. As the door closed, he heard his sister say, titling—

"Clint has about as hard a time courting Isabel as you had courting me, and now he's got his great chair up before the fire, and stretched himself out in it."

"Come, Clint, I will let you shake the popper for me, and I'll go down cellar and get some apples."

Isabel looked at him with a merry twinkle in her eyes, as she held the handle towards him, and then ran out of the room.

Clint grasped the handle of the popper with the delight of success flooding his veins. Isabel had never before given him a reason to believe that she cared for him that could compare with that look.

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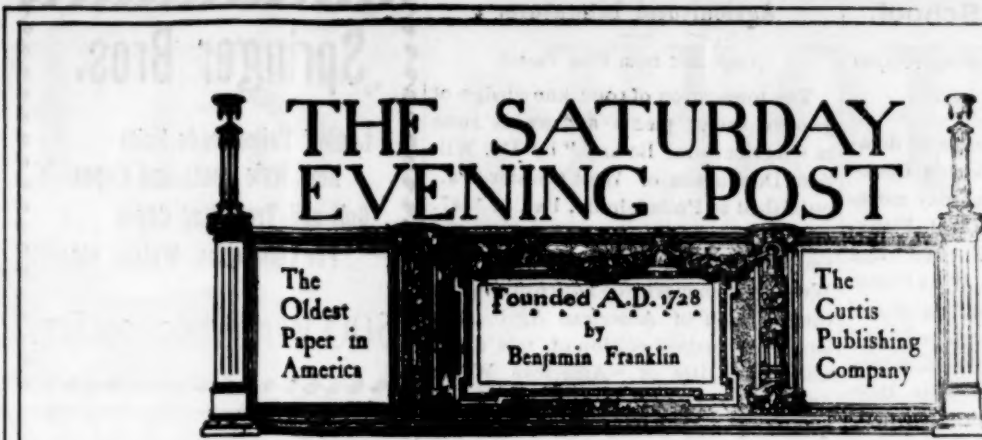
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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

AN ARTISTIC ENDING.

The sun shone under her straw hat and made her shade her eyes with her hand, as she looked up at me, standing by the edge of the river.

"Now, Mr. Conway," she said, "are you quite sure you can manage a canoe?"

"I'll promise you a new frock, Miss Della, if I upset you," I said, gallantly.

"Don't be rash," she said, "perhaps I'll think a new frock well worth a wetting."

"I said—if I upset you," I replied; "if you upset yourself, I cry off the bargain."

"I'm sure you'll never be so mean as to argue the cause of the damage," said Della; "anyway, I'll risk it."

"I feel a little afraid," she said, as I gave her my hand to help her aboard. I am inclined to think, however, that her hesitation was not altogether due to nervousness, but was a little influenced by the fact that she was wearing the very daintiest of brown shoes, which she owed to the best advantage as she stood in timid uncertainty, one foot on shore and one poised over the canoe. I confess the attitude was fascinating to me, more especially as it necessitated a very distinct pressure of my steady hand.

I was more convinced that the timidity was affected when she eventually settled herself among the cushions in the bow of the canoe, for all the world as if to the manner born. Indeed, as I stepped warily in the center of the craft I am sure I was really the more nervous of the two, but then I could judge of my shortcomings as a canoeist far better than she.

"Now, then," I said, "are you quite sure you are comfortable?"

She gave a last smooth to the folds of her brown skirt, gave a little pat to the sleeves of her white blouse, and lay back against the red cushions with a sigh of content.

"Yes," said she sweetly, "I'm quite ready."

I let go the tuft of grass to which I had been clinging, pushed off gently with my paddle, and we were fairly afloat.

The sunshine sparkled on the water, the leaves of the trees waved ever so softly in the breeze, the bright colored dragon flies darted hither and thither, while along the bank the bees flew lazily from flower to flower, as if they only kept themselves awake by incessant buzzing.

"Isn't it delightful?" murmured Della. "It is indeed," I assented, but would have done so more truthfully if the bows of the canoe had not displayed so great a reluctance to keep straight up the river.

The splash of the water from the paddle was wonderfully soothing, and my fair companion closed her eyes. Directly she did so, politeness no longer debarred me from gazing my fill at her upturned face.

I looked admiringly, taking mental stock of her charms. How softly her dark eyelashes swept her cheek—how coquettishly curved her mouth—how dainty the suspicion of a dimple either side her lips—how delicately turned her chin—how becoming the red cushion to her wealth of black hair—yes, undoubtedly her nose was reticent, but a fig for your stately Greek beauties! there is a fascination in the—crash into the

bank went the bow of the canoe, and the subject of my reverie opened her eyes with a start.

"For the life of me I cannot steer a canoe and think of something else at the same time. By the greatest good luck we were not upset."

"I am most awfully sorry," I stammered.

"I was nearly asleep," she said. "I can't think what happened; it was dreadfully careless of me."

"Oh, it really doesn't matter," she replied, with good nature.

I paddled clear of the bank and vowed such a collision should not occur again. Della, however, made no further attempt to go to sleep.

"How smoothly the river runs," she said, thoughtfully.

"Unlike the course of true love," I added rather weakly.

It was not a very apposite remark, but then I knew the topic of love was a dangerous one for me and so foolishly, I courted it, as the moth the candle.

There was a pause in the conversation, while I successfully negotiated a sudden bend in the river.

"It's a great pity, isn't it?" said Della. "What is?" I inquired.

"Why, that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"Oh, but it does sometimes, really," I asserted.

"I suppose the love isn't really true, then," said she. "Nowadays, books and plays nearly always end unhappily."

"Oh, well," said I philosophically, "there are two sorts of love—there is a passionate love, full of presentiment, which makes a man morbid and melancholy, and forces him a thousand times to curse the fate that brings it to him, but this sort of love is too lofty for a workaday world, and the only artistic ending is a tragic one."

I uttered a little groan. Della now again by holding forth in this way, but she only gave the politest possible yawn as she said: "And what about the other?"

"The other," I went on, taking care to watch the course of the canoe, "is a tender pastoral love, which makes a man cheerful and takes rosy views of life, causing him to thank heaven every day that such a love has fallen to his lot, and the artistic ending is wedding bells and domestic happiness."

all over in a moment, and when I say all, I include Della, myself and the canoe. Fortunately, we were close to the bank and the water was shallow. I scrambled ashore and helped Della on to dry land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Della," I said feeling unutterably foolish, as I caught the painter of the canoe and rescued the floating paddle, "I'll never forgive myself for this; I wish you were a man and could swear at me."

"What an awful fright I must look," said poor Della, putting back her wet hair from her face.

I murmured of "Venus rising from the sea," but indistinctly, suddenly doubting the propriety of the allusion.

"Don't forget your bargain, Mr. Conway," said she, shaking the water from her bedraggled skirt; "will you order the frock or shall I, and send you in the bill?"

OUR HOMES.

PASSING OF SUMMER.

With 'oh! how sweet and how resigned a face
Fair summer goes unto her death. The trees
Still shine with green, and still the miser
leaves
Fly their old task, and still the brook doth race
With gentle music, and the garden's still
With varied flowers in decked, and still the
breeze
Is fraught with balmy, and full-fledged birds
release
Their late-learned songs, while autumn comes
apace.

Soon deep shall lie the snow upon the grave
Of all dear things, and o'er our graves shall
lie
With dying summer's grace may we depart,
Smile in the face of that which bids us die,
And look with hope upon the welcome
wave,
With no vain tears and with a sunny heart.

—Chicago Record.

A GAME POSTPONED.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

It had been snowing for two days,
and now the snow-ploughs were out,
and the first really good sleighing of the
winter would begin.

The great fields lay in unbroken
whiteness. The woods along the banks
of the low river were billows of snow.
The large farmhouses, and the number
of the barns, and the other out-
lying buildings, gave evidence of the
richness of the soil that lay buried and
resting for another harvest.

Judge Hilton's house had the distinction
of being built of brick. There was
a dignity in its solidity over the usual
white frame houses on the surrounding
farms that well became the dignity of the
judge.

The judge was New England born
and bred. There is a veneration for
Puritan ancestry in the entire West-
ern soil that the Puritan mind still has
for good old Puritan blood.

Isabel Hilton was her father's house-
keeper and only child. The mother had
died while she was a baby, and she had
ruled the house and had been ruled by
her father since that time.

She had all her father's reserve and
pride of family, and at the same time his
happy nature and gracious manner,
that won her friends when she desired
to make friends. Those who found it
impossible to win their way into her
favor called this reserve in Isabel her
"down East airs." There was a dis-
couraging belief among the young
men in the country around, some of
whose fathers owned farms and herds
of cattle large enough to divide and es-
tablish them in enviable beginnings,
that if the judge thought any of them
worthy to win his daughter's love
there would never be an opportunity
to gain the consent of the young lady.

The judge had theories against Is-
abel's entertaining young men alone,
nor would he permit her to go with any
escort but himself.

The privilege of spending the even-
ing with Isabel, in the presence of her
father, was considered a mark of dis-
tinction, and held the one so honored
on the wave of hope.

"If a fellow had the backbone to out-
silt the judge some night he might pro-
pose to the daughter," was the com-
mon Mr. Holderman made to his son
one day. Clint Holderman had been
one of Isabel's most persistent admirers.

"The trouble with all of you is, you
go there shaking in your boots, and
talk to the judge, and come away with
a big head because you dared to do
that; but I tell you, if I was a young
fellow I'd outlast him if I sat till the
break of day. It's some such pluck
as that the judge is looking for."

He raised her and he knows her value.
If you can go in ahead of the
other fellows and tow her in, I'll give
you \$10,000 and deed you a section of
land. Come, now, let's see what you're
made of?"

In some way his lordly promise got
adroit the current of country gossip,
and roused the admirers of Isabel, one
and all, to new interest in the contest.
Large stories were told of the late
hours the judge kept that winter with
Isabel's suitors. Clint Holderman drove
to the brick house early on the evening
that he had set his mind with dint-like
determination to give his father's ad-
vice a trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped
along in his new cutter, drawn by a
handsome span of black horses, and
well tucked in with buffalo robes, his
heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the
winter playing chess with the judge, so
he was sure of his welcome; but to-
night he looked beyond all this. He
thought of the hour when, at last, with
his heart and understanding touched,
the judge would bid them good-night,
and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man
in the country than Clint Holderman;
none who danced better, or who drove
better horses; but more than all this
the judge told him that he had never
known a man who had played a
better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement, indeed;
for if the judge had a weakness, it was
for chess, and it would be decidedly
pleasant to have a son-in-law who could
be to him such a ready source of enter-
tainment. As he drove into the yard
the judge came out on the side piazza.
"Good evening," he called out, "just
drive on to the barn; the man will put
out your horses."

One of the farm hands came out of the
stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him
the reins and followed the judge into
the house.

"Snapping cold, but splendid sleigh-
ing," the judge said while Clint was
pulling off his overcoat in the hall.

"Yes, I believe my ears are touched,"
Clint answered rubbing them.

"Isabel is popping some corn. She'll
be glad you happened over to help eat
it."

He led the way into the long sitting-
room at the end of the hall.

Isabel was on her knees before an
open wood fire, shaking a corn popper.

The white kernels snapped and ex-
panded with a pleasant sound.

The lamp had not been lit, but the
firelight made the room bright and
cozy.

"Isabel, here is Mr. Holderman, my
dear."

She sprang up.
"I didn't hear you come in. Good-
evening. Come over here by the fire.
Why, it's Clint!" she said, as he came
into the glow. "I thought father
meant your father. I never think of
you as Mr. Holderman. Have some
corn."

She held the popper open before him.
"I'm sure I never think of you as Miss
Hilton," he said, plunging his hand
into the corn, and laughing. "That
would be a little too much like stran-
gers, as long as we've known each
other."

The judge cleared his throat.
"I have always decidedly disliked the
informality of country people in calling
every one by their Christian names," he
said. "It leaves no degree in intimacy.
But I suppose it is impossible to know
where to draw the line."

Isabel went back and knelt before the
fire again.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, shak-
ing the popper vigorously. "As long
as it is a custom I don't think any one
feels it a mark of special intimacy, and
so the custom is protected by being a
custom."

The young man sat awkwardly in his
chair and was silent.

They seemed to be closing the doors
against any thought he might have of
closer intimacy with the family.

The judge left the room for a mo-
ment, and came back with a lighted
lamp, and placed it on the claw-legged
table in the center of the room. He
had put on a long dressing-gown faced
with crimson quilted silk, and now he
drew his great chair up before the fire,
and stretched himself out in it.

"Come, Clint, I will let you shake
the popper for me, and I'll go down
cellar and get some apples."

Isabel looked at him with a merry
twinkle in her eyes, as she held the
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there, but he would beat the judge's
watch and gain the opportunity of
speaking to her.

It was a delightful evening. The
judge partook of the popcorn, and the
conversation was more than usually af-
fable and entertaining.

Isabel sat on the opposite side of the
fireplace and crocheted on a blue wool
scarf. There were pink spots burning
her cheeks and her eyes were very
sweet.

The time passed on until the noisy
clock on the mantel clearly and forcibly
announced the hour of ten.

It had been comparatively easy thus
far, but now was the time when Clint
usually went home.

The real contest was about to begin.
The judge shoved his chair back to
the table, picked up a paper, and be-
gan to read.

From time to time he glanced over
the top of his paper at the two talking
before the fire, but still read on.

When the clock struck eleven, he
threw the paper down, pulled his chair
back to the fire, and drew the young
man into an animated political discus-
sion.

Isabel stirred about the room, putting
things in order for the night.

It was nearing midnight. For the
last fifteen minutes the conversation had
begun to lag.

There were cold moments of com-
plete silence.

"Had you noticed that I had traded
horses?" Clint asked in one painful
pause.

"No; have you?" Isabel asked, com-
ing forward with interest.

"Yes, I've traded the grays for
George Merwin's blacks. Of course
there was considerable to boot. They
go like the wind in my new cutter."

"I should think they would," Isabel
drew a deep breath. "I do like black
horses. I never cared for gray ones. I
always think of having to look for a
black headed girl," she laughed.

Isabel thought that winter with
Isabel's suitors. Clint Holderman drove
to the brick house early on the evening
that he had set his mind with dint-like
determination to give his father's ad-
vice a trial.

It was a cold night, and as he sped
along in his new cutter, drawn by a
handsome span of black horses, and
well tucked in with buffalo robes, his
heart was warm with hope.

He had spent many evenings of the
winter playing chess with the judge, so
he was sure of his welcome; but to-
night he looked beyond all this. He
thought of the hour when, at last, with
his heart and understanding touched,
the judge would bid them good-night,
and he should be left alone with Isabel.

There was no handsomer young man
in the country than Clint Holderman;
none who danced better, or who drove
better horses; but more than all this
the judge told him that he had never
known a man who had played a
better hand at chess.

This was an encouragement, indeed;
for if the judge had a weakness, it was
for chess, and it would be decidedly
pleasant to have a son-in-law who could
be to him such a ready source of enter-
tainment. As he drove into the yard
the judge came out on the side piazza.
"Good evening," he called out, "just
drive on to the barn; the man will put
out your horses."

One of the farm hands came out of the
stable as he spoke, and Clint threw him
the reins and followed the judge into
the house.

"Snapping cold, but splendid sleigh-
ing," the judge said while Clint was
pulling off his overcoat in the hall.

"Yes, I believe my ears are touched,"
Clint answered rubbing them.

"Isabel is popping some corn. She'll
be glad you happened over to help eat
it."

He led the way into the long sitting-
room at the end of the hall.

Isabel was on her knees before an
open wood fire, shaking a corn popper.

The white kernels snapped and ex-
panded with a pleasant sound.

The lamp had not been lit, but the
firelight made the room bright and
cozy.

"Isabel, here is Mr. Holderman, my
dear."

He would have been completely
wretched in his defeat if it had not been
for that look in Isabel's eyes when she
handed him the corn popper. He could
endure his father's ridicule, and wait
his time, remembering that look.

And so he made a good story of it at
breakfast the next morning, and added,
elevating his voice above the roaring
laugh of his father and the shrieks of
his mother and sister.

"Never you mind. The judge isn't
through with me yet. I've only fired
my first gun. I'll own when I came
out of the house I was out of shot, but
I haven't given up the fight yet."

"Oh, you'll let some other bantam
rooster carry her off. I guess I'm safe
enough on the cash and land I promised
you," his father answered with a pro-
voking laugh.

"Don't you count on it," Clint said,
springing up from the table with fire
in his eyes. "I'm not down yet, I
tell you."

"All right, sonny, we'll give a big
dance to celebrate the engagement, and
an oyster supper. I suppose there's no
rush about ordering the oysters?"

"I'll hold you to that," Clint said,
bringing his fist up against the door.
"If the thing's settled by Saturday week,
we'll have the dance. If it isn't—well,
it won't be. I'm going over to town
after the mail."

He turned and went out of the room.
As the door closed, he heard his sister
say, dithering—

"Clint has about as hard a time court-
ing Isabel as you had courting mother."

This was a warm thought of comfort
to him. At least Isabel had never
denied him her love, and he knew that
his mother had been hardly won.

It was a bright winter morning. Be-
fore him was a clear stretch of road to
the Iowa River, three miles away.

The white fields on either side
sparkled in the sunlight. The great
drifts, rolled up along the fences, looked
blue in the shadows of their fantastic
terraces. The sleighing never was better.

All at once Clint heard the noise of
sleigh-bells and a voice called to him—
"Give me the road."

He turned and saw Isabel Hilton
coming toward him, driving her own
bay ponies at a furious rate.

Clint drove quickly out at one side of
the road, and she sped by him.

He saw that her horses were running
away.

There had been no alarm in Isabel's
face, though she was holding the reins
with all her strength, and had looked
neither to the right nor the left as she
passed him. If there was one thing
more than another that the Holdermans
prided themselves in, it was their knowl-
edge of a good horse and splendid horse-
manship.

Isabel Hilton's love of horses and her
daring in driving them had been one of
the first things that had won Clint's
admiration. Her control and courage now
appeared to him tremendously. His
own horses seemed to have caught the
spirit of the runaway pair ahead, as they
flew along over the snow after them.

Clint knew that at any moment Is-
abel's slight arms might lose the power
to hold those tense reins so securely, and
the horses dash to one side, and the
crash come, and there was nothing he
could do. On went the cutter ahead of
him, swaying on the left and the right,
and still keeping the road. The bridge
across the Iowa River was just ahead.

Clint thought of the bridge with terror.
The cutter swayed to one side, as it
was doing now, the crash would come
on entering.

He saw Isabel's strength tightening
on the reins, and knew that she felt the
danger.

Her horses flew up the slight incline
to the bridge, and Clint braced his
nerves to withstand the shock. But to
his amazement he saw that the horses
were slowing up, and entering the
bridge with all the respect of well-
trained horses; and by the time they
were over the frozen current below,
they were walking as quietly as though
they had decided on that point as the
end of their excitement.

Clint entered the bridge as Isabel was
leaving it. She drove to one side of the
road and waited for him to come up to
her.

"I'll let you go ahead of me now, if
you want to," she called out as he
stopped.

"Look here," Clint called back, "did
you think of those horses stopping at
the bridge that way, I'd like to know?"

"Yes; didn't you? I knew they
might not, but I thought they would if
I could keep them in the road. Didn't
you think of their doing it?"

"Well, no. I had something else to
think about," he answered, looking at
her admiringly.

Isabel's face flushed, but she looked
at him smiling.

"I wasn't afraid as long as the road
was clear, but I should have lost all
courage if I had seen a team coming."

"Talk of pluck!" Clint said, driving
a little nearer to her cutter. "Isabel,
what did you think of last night. What
did you think of me, anyway?"

She drove out into the road ahead of
him, and then looked back over her
shoulder, laughing.

"I thought if you had only waited
half an hour longer I would have been
eighteen. It is my birthday to-day.
I'm of age."

And with that she touched her
ponies with the whip, and kept well
ahead of him all the way to the village.

When they met again, it was before
the fire in the sitting-room at the brick
house where they had held the hours the
night before. But the contest with the
judge had lost its seriousness.

Between them he sat imperturbable,
as he had sat the night before; but to-
night he was only an amusing barrier,
and not a serious obstruction. Love
had leaped the bounds, and was free.
It triumphed in their eyes as they looked
across him, and over him, smiling knowl-
ingly at each other.

"We're going to have a dance over at
our house Saturday week, and an oyster
supper. It is going to be a celebration
of a great event in our family," Clint
announced with a meaning gesture to
Isabel.

"What's the event you're celebrat-
ing?" the judge asked, looking over his
spectacles.

"Well, that's something of a secret
until to-morrow. I hope I can tell you
then. You must be sure and come. We're
going to have a great time."

The judge looked at Isabel.

"Do you think we can go, Mr. Clint?"

"Yes, I believe we can," Isabel said.

"I'll be glad to see you," Clint said.

"I'll be glad to see you," Isabel said.



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AN ARTISTIC ENDING.

then. You must be sure and come. We're going to have a great time."

The judge looked at Isabel.

"Do you think we can go, Mr. Clint?"

"Why, yes, I should think we could, father."

"Thank you, then. We'll come," the judge said, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling. "And now would you like to play that game of chess we didn't have last night?"

It was evident he had no intention of giving up the field. Clint did not answer. He was not as fearless of the judge as he had supposed. His heart throbbed excitedly.

Isabel pressed her hands together hard and looked into the fire. The clock ticked loudly, emphasizing the silence.

Finally the judge brought his eyes from the ceiling, and looked at the young man.

"Didn't you hear what I said to you?" he asked, running his hand through his forelock and grasping the arm of his chair.

"Yes, sir, I did," said Clint, respect-
fully.

"Well, then?"

"If you'll allow me to say it, sir, I think I've won the game already."

"What's that?"

"I believe, sir, I've won the game."

The judge gazed at him for a moment, and then his eyes fell on Isabel.

He looked from one to the other. The ticks of the clock seemed to choke each other.

"Well, my boy," he said, drawing a deep breath—the tears had started to his eyes—"I don't know but you have."

He held out his hand. "I don't know but you have, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, thank you."

Her father reached the other hand to Isabel, and stood up and drew her into his arms, then pushed her from him, and crossed the room to the door leading into the hall.

Isabel's eyes followed him lovingly. He turned and looked back at them and smiled.

"Well, children, I'm feeling a little tired to-night," he said, "and I think, if you'll be kind enough to excuse me, I'll go to bed."

He went out and shut the door.—McClure's Magazine.

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS.

I wouldn't be cross, dear; it's never worth while, I don't think, to wear a smile. Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss. Just meet the thing boldly and never be cross. I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home, they love you so fondly; whatever may come, you may count on the kinfolk around you to stand, O, loyalty true in a brotherly hand! So, since the fine gold far exceeds the dross, I wouldn't be cross, dear; I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger—ah! no. To the pilgrims we meet on the life-path we owe This kindness: to give them good cheer as they pass, To clear out the flint-stones, and plant the soft grass. No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss, I perchance might be silent; I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens; no sharpness may heal The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal. No envy bath peace; by a fret and a jar The beautiful work of our hands we may mar. Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss, I wouldn't be cross, love; I wouldn't be cross.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

all over in a moment, and when I say
all, I include Della, myself and the
canoe. Fortunately, we were close to
the bank and the water was shallow. I
scrambled ashore and helped Della on
to dry land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Della," I said feeling
unutterably foolish, as I caught the
painter of the canoe and rescued the

